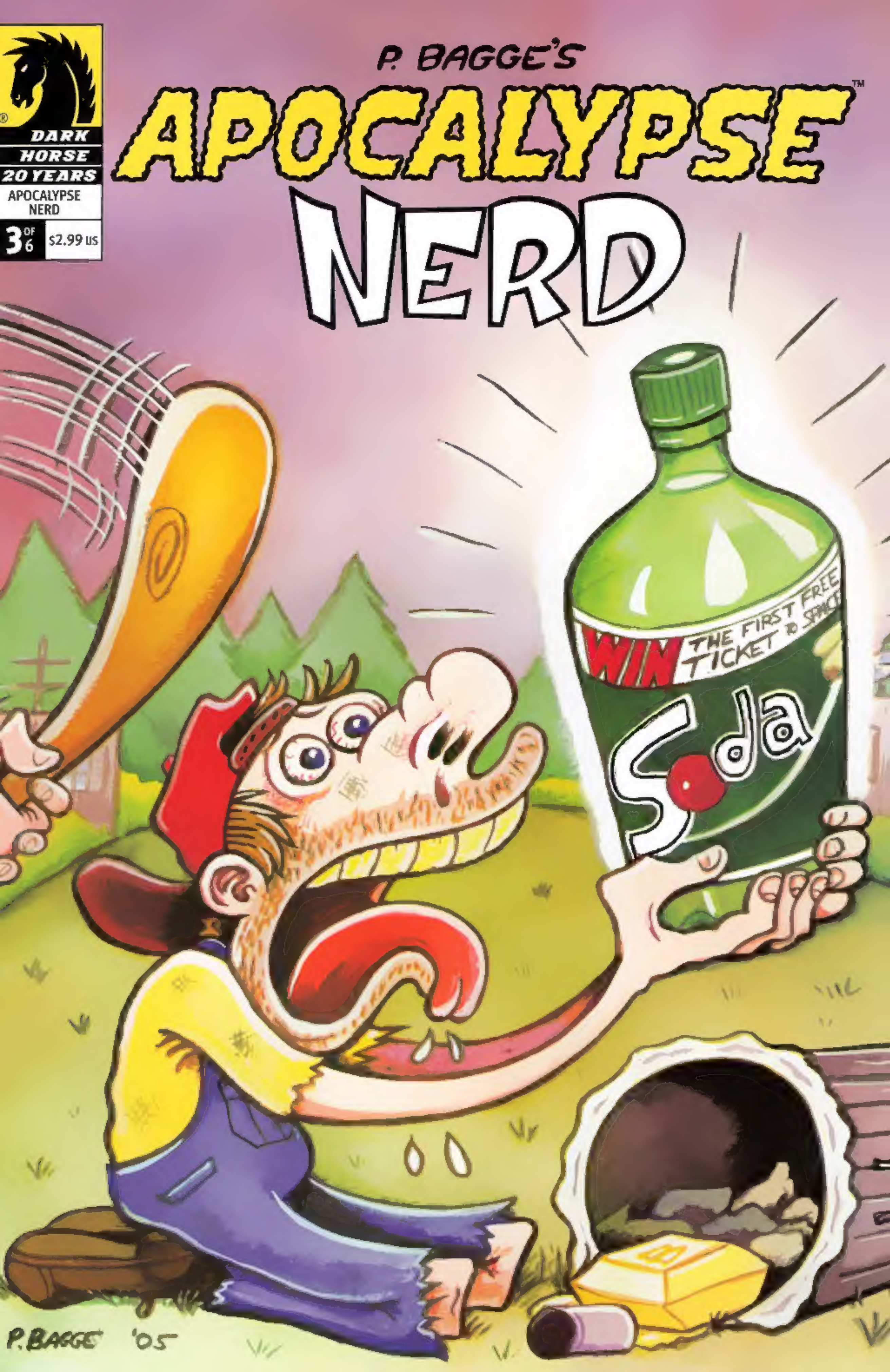
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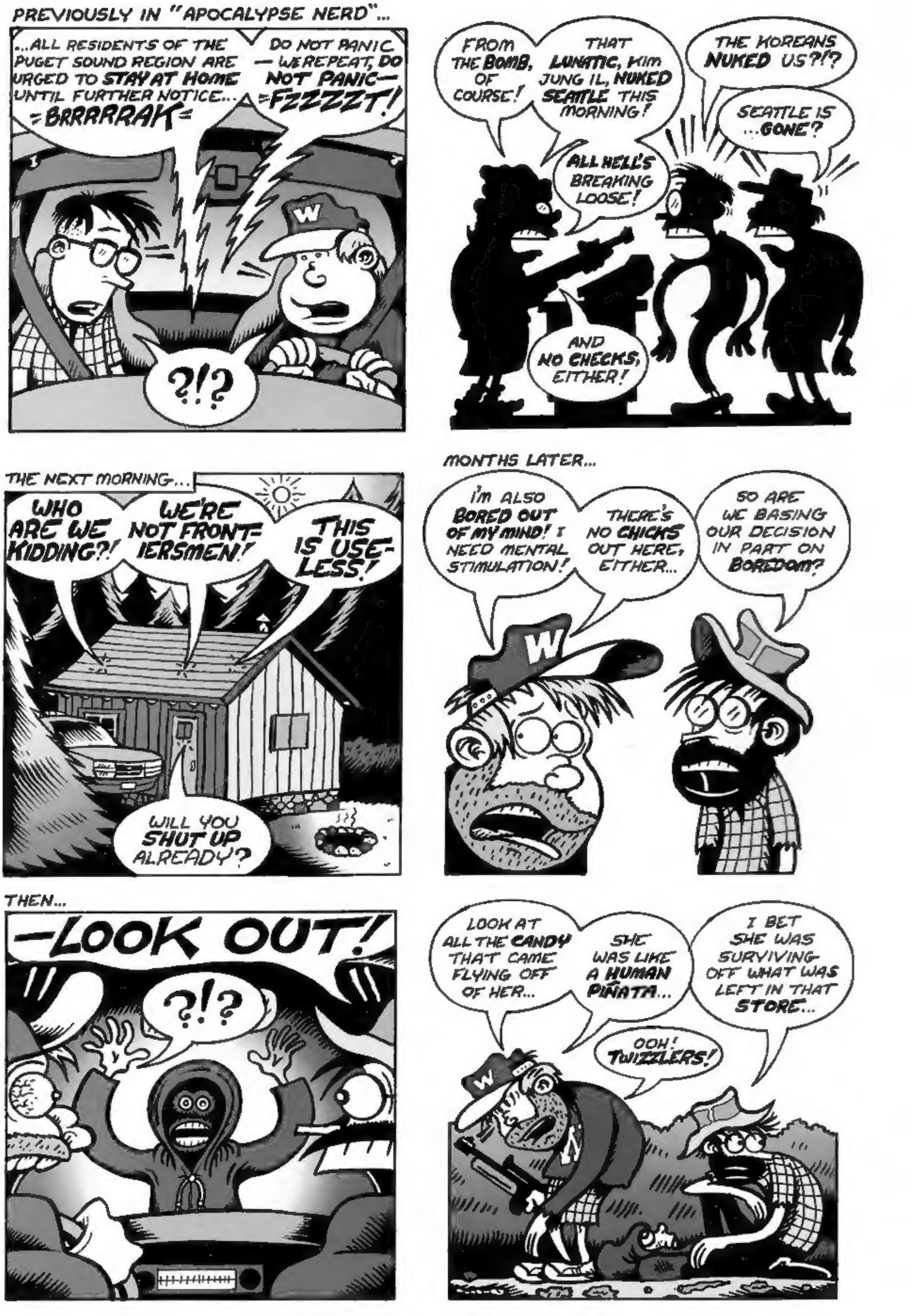

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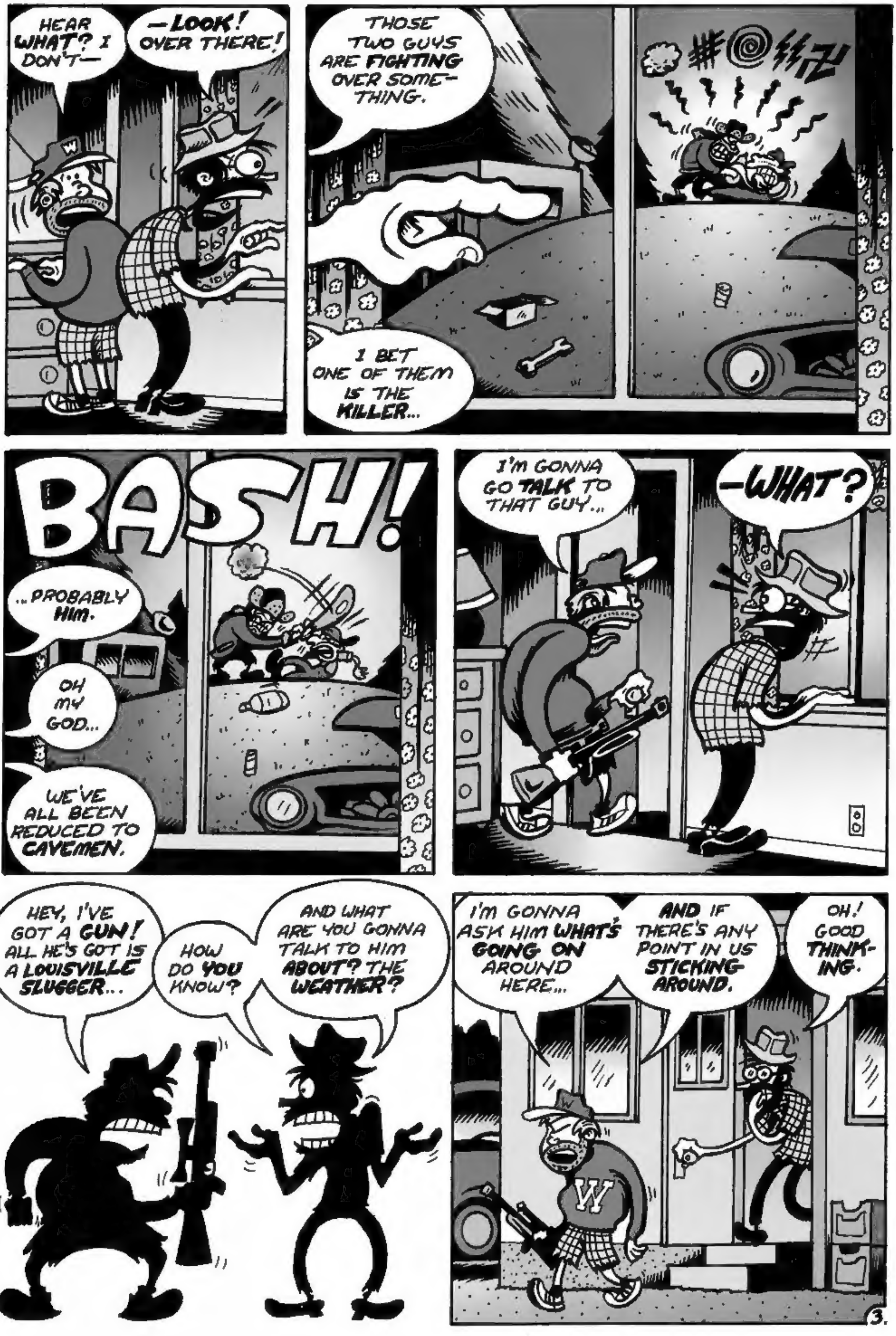
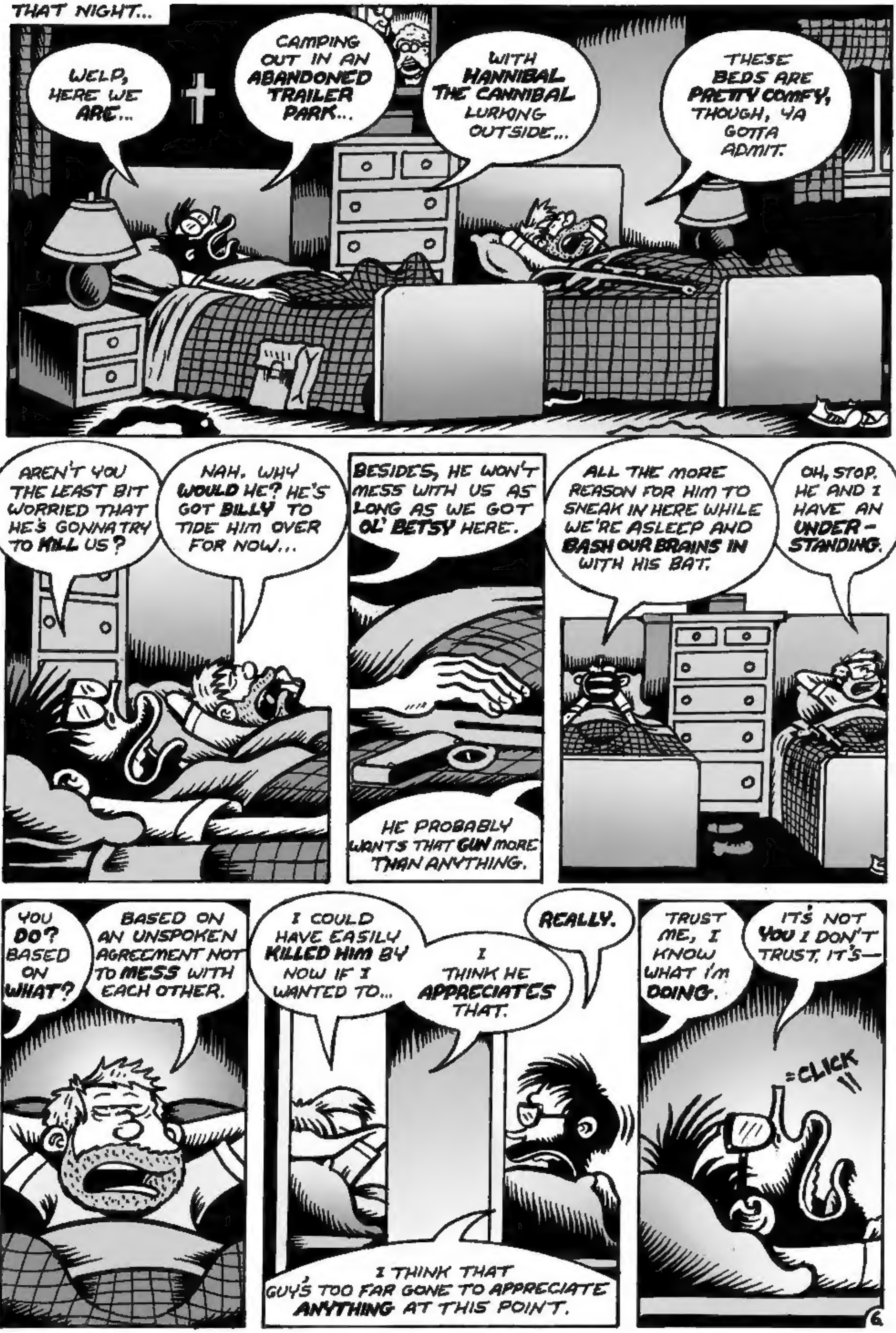
THE NEXT MORNING...
LOOK! AN ACTUAL TOWN!
OUR FIRST SIGN OF CIVILIZATION!
LOOKS MORE LIKE A RUN-DOWN TRAILER PARK TO ME...
IT ALSO LOOKS ABANDONED...
OR ELSE THEY'RE ALL HIDING. WHO CAN BLAME THEM?
I BETTER COVER YOU...
IF ANYONE IS AROUND THEY'RE PROBABLY ARMED TO THE TEETH...
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
NO ONE'S ANSWERING.
IS THE DOOR LOCKED?
NO, IT ISN'T...
HELLO? IS ANYONE HOME?
WHAT'S IT LIKE INSIDE?

IT'S DARK. AND MESSY...
LOOKS LIKE A TORNADO HIT IT...
LET'S GO IN.
YIKES.
I'LL BET THIS PLACE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED OUT OF ANYTHING USEFUL.
LET'S POKE AROUND ANYWAY. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING WE CAN USE.
LIKE OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, THE CUPBOARDS ARE BARE...
—HOLY CRAP!
?!? WHAT IS IT?
SAY HELLO TO OUR "HOST."
OH MY...
HE MUST'VE BEEN KILLED RECENTLY, SINCE HE DOESN'T SMELL YET.
WHICH MEANS HIS KILLER IS STILL NEARBY...
WE'D BETTER WATCH OUR ASSES, JUST IN CASE...
THAT OLD MAN MUST HAVE A GUN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE...
UNLESS HIS KILLER STOLE IT FROM HIM...
—GORDO! DO YOU HEAR THAT?!?


HEAR WHAT? I DON'T—
—LOOK! OVER THERE!
THOSE TWO GUYS ARE FIGHTING OVER SOME-THING.
I BET ONE OF THEM IS THE KILLER...
BASH!
..PROBABLY HIM.
OH MY GOD...
WE'VE ALL BEEN REDUCED TO CAVEMEN.
I'M GONNA GO TALK TO THAT GUY...
—WHAT?
HEY, I'VE GOT A GUN! ALL HE'S GOT IS A LOUISVILLE SLUGGER...
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
AND WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TALK TO HIM ABOUT? THE WEATHER?
I'M GONNA ASK HIM WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE...
AND IF THERE'S ANY POINT IN US STICKING AROUND.
OH! GOOD THINKING.

HOWDY, STRANGER! WHATCHA GOT THERE?
HUH?!
IT'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY!
I WON IT FAIR AND SQUARE!
RELAX, PAL. WE'RE JUST PASSIN' THROUGH...
NO ONE WANTS TO TAKE YOUR...
..BOTTLE OF 7-UP?
HEY! FUCK YOU! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW SCARCE FOOD IS AROUND HERE!
IF THAT'S THE CASE THEN WHY STAY?
AND GO WHERE? THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY!
H-HOW DO YOU MEAN?
C-CRAZY HOW?
HOW?! HAVE YOU TWO BEEN IN A CAVE?
ER, YEAH, KINDA...
TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON!
OH, MAN... THINGS'VE BEEN GRIM EVER SINCE THE BOMB HIT..
LIKE, ONE DAY I WAS SENT INTO TOWN TO BUY SUPPLIES...
...WHERE I WAS HELD UP THE MOMENT I ARRIVED...
THEY TOOK MY TRUCK, MY GUN, MY MONEY, EVERYTHING...
BY THE TIME I GOT BACK HERE THE PLACE WAS UNDER SIEGE BY DESPERATE CITY PEOPLE...
THEY TOOK OFF WITH ALL THE FOOD AND GAS THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON. WE WERE WIPED OUT!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A ROUGH TIME...
THAT WASN'T EVEN THE WORST OF IT...
ROLL
PRETTY SOON WE WERE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS, FIGHTING FOR THE LAST SCRAPS OF FOOD...
THERE WAS NO-WHERE TO RUN TO. EITHER. IT WAS FIGHT OR DIE.
TWIST
AFTER A WHILE THE ONLY ONE'S LEFT WERE ME AND BILLY, SINCE WE WERE THE BEST FIGHTERS.
"BILLY"?
WHO'S BILLY?
...OH.
SO WHERE ARE ALL THE BODIES? BURIED SOMEWHERE?
OLD MAN PRITCHART'S STILL IN HIS HOUSE...
BILLY JUST KILLED HIM FOR HIS 7-UP...
THE REST WE BURNED OR ATE...
"ATE"?
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?! WOULD YOU RATHER I STARVE TO DEATH?!
N-NO! NOT AT ALL!
A MAN'S GOTTA DO, WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO, HEH-HEH!
YOU GOT ANYTHING TO EAT AROUND HERE BESIDES PEOPLE?
NOT REALLY...
THOUGH YOU'RE WELCOME TO HAVE SOME OF BILLY...
7UP
5.


THAT NIGHT...
WELP, HERE WE ARE...
CAMPING OUT IN AN ABANDONED TRAILER PARK...
WITH HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL LURKING OUTSIDE...
THESE BEDS ARE PRETTY COMFY, THOUGH, YA GOTTA ADMIT.
AREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT WORRIED THAT HE'S GONNA TRY TO KILL US?
NAH. WHY WOULD HE? HE'S GOT BILLY TO TIDE HIM OVER FOR NOW...
BESIDES, HE WON'T MESS WITH US AS LONG AS WE GOT OL' BETSY HERE.
HE PROBABLY WANTS THAT GUN MORE THAN ANYTHING.
ALL THE MORE REASON FOR HIM TO SNEAK IN HERE WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP AND BASH OUR BRAINS IN WITH HIS BAT.
OH, STOP. HE AND I HAVE AN UNDER-STANDING.
YOU DO? BASED ON WHAT?
BASED ON AN UNSPOKEN AGREEMENT NOT TO MESS WITH EACH OTHER.
I COULD HAVE EASILY KILLED HIM BY NOW IF I WANTED TO...
I THINK HE APPRECIATES THAT.
REALLY.
I THINK THAT GUY'S TOO FAR GONE TO APPRECIATE ANYTHING AT THIS POINT.
TRUST ME, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
IT'S NOT YOU I DON'T TRUST, IT'S—
=CLICK

WHAT WAS THAT?
WHAT WAS WHAT?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT "CLICK" NOISE?
IT WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
AAH, IT WAS PROBABLY JUST A RACCOON OR SOMETHING...
CHOMP!
OMIGOD! ARE YOU EATING?!
PUT THAT JERKY AWAY NOW!
HEY! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?
THAT REDNECK CAN PROBABLY SMELL FOOD FROM A MILE AWAY!
ONCE HE FINDS OUT ABOUT OUR "STASH" HE'S SURE TO KILL US OVER IT!
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE...
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO IN THE MEANTIME? STARVE?
YES! UNTIL WE MOVE ON, AT LEAST...
MOVE ON TO WHERE?
YOU HEARD WHAT THAT GUY SAID! NO PLACE IS SAFE ANYMORE!
SO WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? STAY HERE FOREVER?
I DON'T HAVE A PLAN! BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY PUT UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT W—
CLICK

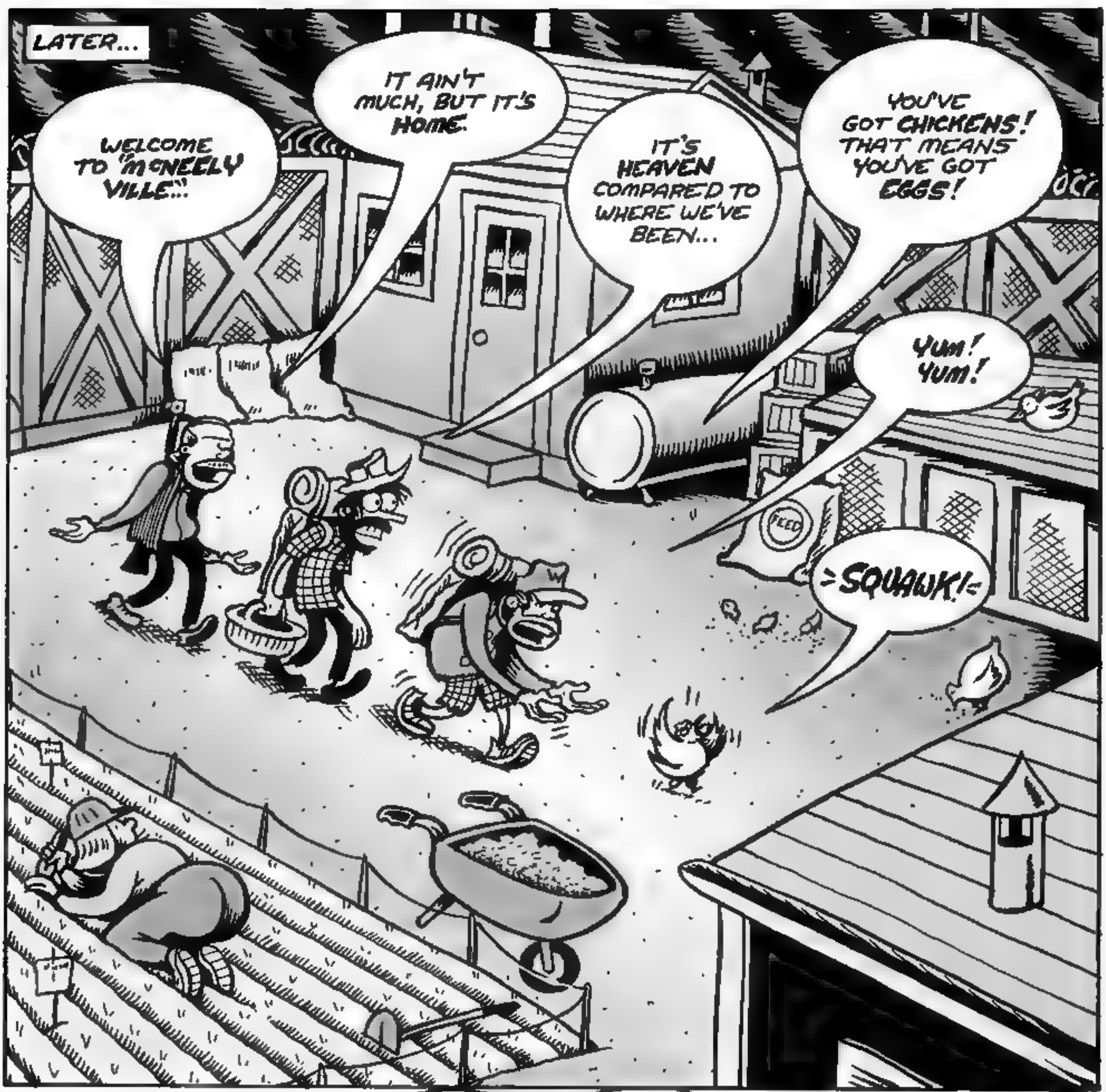
THERE IT IS AGAIN! DIDN'T Y—
YEAH, I HEARD IT THAT TIME...
SOUNDS TOO HEAVY TO BE A RACCOON, TOO...
MAYBE IT'S A BEAR...
I'M GONNA INVESTI-GATE.
OH, MAN, I HOPE IT IS A BEAR...
IF IT'S THAT GUY REMIND HIM OF YOUR "UNDER-STANDING," OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH. YOU WAIT HERE...
OKAY, PERRY, CALM DOWN...
WORRYING WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD...
IF IT IS A BEAR, I HOPE GORDO IS CAREFUL...
THEY CAN BE DANGEROUS WHEN PROVOKED...
BLAM!
-WHAT?
GORDO! ARE YOU OKAY?
WAS IT A BEAR? OR—
NAH, TURNS OUT YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG...
THAT GUY WAS SNEAKING UP ON US.
HEY, WANT SOME 7-UP?
?!?
CATCH!
PLOP!
7UP

THE NEXT MORNING...
IT WAS HIM OR US, PERRY...
HE WAS AFTER OUR FOOD, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!
DID YOU CONFIRM THAT BEFORE YOU BLEW HIS HEAD OFF?
...SSSSUCK... THIS SYPHON ISN'T WORKING...
WOULD YOU RATHER HE EAT OUR FOOD? WOULD YOU RATHER WE STARVE INSTEAD OF HIM?
GAG! SPLUT!
IT'S WORKING NOW...
QUICK, GIMME THAT SODA BOTTLE! SPIT! PTUI!
DON'T DRINK IT ALL...
GLUG GLUG GLUG...
HMMM...NOT MUCH IN HERE, BUT IT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO GET US SOMEWHERE...

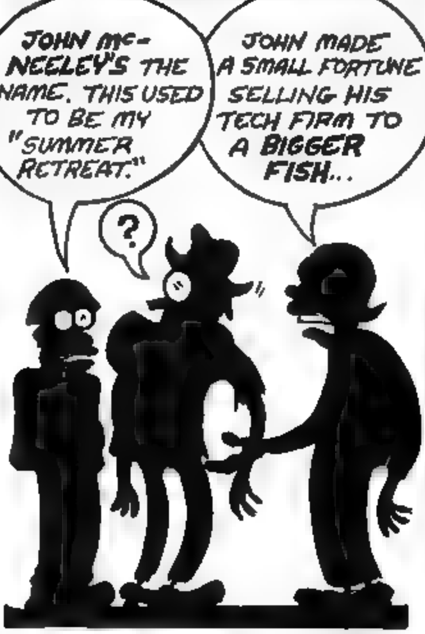
AND SO...
WHAT DOES THE MAP SAY? DO WE HAVE MANY OPTIONS?
LET'S SEE... WE CAN STAY ON THIS ROUTE TILL WE GET TO SEDRO-WOOLEY...
OR WE CAN TAKE THIS SIDE ROAD TO A PLACE CALLED DARRINGTON.
WHAT'S IN DARRINGTON?
I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT I SAY WE GO THERE...
SEDRO-WOOLEY WAS PROBABLY WHERE THAT GUY WAS ATTACKED.
FAIR ENOUGH, THOUGH I'D SAY OUR CHANCES OF BEING ATTACKED IS THE SAME EITHER WAY...
AND WHAT'LL WE DO IF WE ARE ATTACKED?
HOO, BOY... BEATS ME...
I IMAGINE I'D JUST HURL MYSELF ON THE GROUND AND BEG FOR MERCY.
I SAY WE HIDE THE TRUCK AND SPY ON THE TOWNSPEOPLE FIRST...
YOU KNOW, JUST TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND.
WE COULD DO THAT, ONLY WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT?
TO GAUGE WHETHER THEY'RE A BUNCH OF PSYCHOS OR NOT!
AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO SUSS THAT OUT BY SPYING ON THEM FROM A SAFE DISTANCE?
—OOH! TURN HERE! QUICK!
JEEZIS! LEARN TO NAVIGATE!
SCREEE!

LATER...
:HUFF: :PUFF:
SO MUCH FOR HAVING ENOUGH GAS TO MAKE IT TO THE NEXT TOWN...
HEY, AT LEAST THIS WAY WE CAN STEALTHILY SNEAK UP ON THEM...
:HUFF: :PUFF:
HEL-LO! CAN I HELP YOU FELLOWS?
HUH?
WHO 'DAT?
(LOOK! UP AHEAD! I WONDER WHAT THAT GUY WANTS.)
(AND WHAT'S THAT WHITE THING HE'S HOLDING? A WEAPON OF SOME KIND?)
ARE YOU LOST? OR LOOKING FOR SOME-ONE, PERHAPS?
WE MEAN NO HARM! WE COME IN PEACE!
(SPEAK FOR YOURSELF. I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES...)
THAT GUN WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD. YOU'RE SURROUNDED.
?!? WE ARE?!
HERE, LET ME TAKE IT FOR NOW...
?!? IS THAT A LAPTOP?

WHERE ARE YOU TWO FROM?
UH... THE WOODS...
?! "THE WOODS"?
YOUR COMPUTER IS ON?
OH, YEAH. I'M SUPPOSED TO IM THE OTHERS AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON...
"IM"?
BUT... HOW?
GENERATORS. PLUS THE MIRACLE OF WI-FI...
MY NAME'S EARNEST, BY THE WAY.
I'M GORDO...
PERRY...
WOW, ELECTRICITY. I'M IMPRESSED.
SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE WOODS?
SINCE JUST BEFORE THE BOMB HIT...
WE'RE ORIGINALLY FROM THE CITY.
WE WERE CAMPING DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS WHEN DISASTER STRUCK.
CONSIDER YOURSELVES LUCKY...
YOU'RE IN FAR BETTER SHAPE THAN MOST STRAGGLERS WE'VE COME ACROSS.
IN FACT, WE'VE HAD TO DO SEVERAL MERCY KILLINGS.
REALLY?
WHO IS THIS "WE" YOU KEEP REFERRING TO?
ME AND SOME FRIENDS HAVE A COMPOUND NEARBY...
I'LL TAKE YOU THERE IF YOU'D LIKE.
SURE! WHAT KIND OF FOOD DO YOU HAVE THERE?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE SURROUNDED...
I LIED.


LATER...
WELCOME TO "McNEELY VILLE"!
IT AIN'T MUCH, BUT IT'S **HOME**.
IT'S **HEAVEN** COMPARED TO WHERE WE'VE BEEN...
YOU'VE GOT **CHICKENS**! THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOT **EGGS**!
YUM! YUM!
FEED
SQUAWK!

"McNEELY-VILLE," EH? ARE **YOU** McNEELY?
NO, **I** AM...


JOHN McNEELEY'S THE NAME. THIS USED TO BE MY "SUMMER RETREAT."
?
JOHN MADE A SMALL FORTUNE SELLING HIS TECH FIRM TO A **BIGGER FISH**...

SINCE THEN HE'S DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THIS **SELF-SUFFICIENCY FARM**.
MY GOAL WAS TO MAKE A COMMUNE THAT WAS **TOTALLY** SELF-RELIANT...
FORTUNATELY FOR ALL OF US, I PRETTY MUCH **SUCCEEDED**.

THE REST OF US SHARED JOHN'S INTERESTS, SO WE'D COME UP HERE ON WEEKENDS TO HELP WITH HIS PROJECT...
I'M A RETIRED BOTANIST, AND WE ALSO HAVE AN ELECTRICIAN, A DOCTOR, AND AN ENGINEER...
AND TOO MANY COMPUTER GEEKS.
=CHOMP!=
I'D BE JUST ONE MORE, SAD TO SAY...
DON'T DISCOUNT YOUR NEWFOUND FORAGING SKILLS, PERRY! HAW! HAW!
YOU'RE BOTH WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO BE TEAM PLAYERS...
...THE ONE THING WE DON'T TOLERATE AROUND HERE IS ASSHOLES.
OH WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT WELCOME AFTER ALL, GORDO!
HAR DI HAR HAR...
=CHOMP!=
SO YOU'RE A BOTANIST, HUH? DOES THAT MAKE YOU THE FARMING EXPERT?
WHY, YES, I SUPPOSE SO...
IF YOU GREW THIS APPLE, I'M IMPRESSED. IT'S DELICIOUS!
YES, WE'VE HAD AMAZING SUCCESS WITH ALL OUR FRUITS AND VEGGIES THIS SUMMER...
IN FACT, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE...
...WHICH MAKES ME WONDER HOW MUCH NUCLEAR RADIATION PLAYED A PART IN IT...
=SPLUT!=

THAT EVENING...
SO ONCE THE BOMB HIT WE ALL INSTINCTIVELY CAME HERE...
THOSE OF US WHO SURVIVED, THAT IS.
WHY DIDN'T YOU FLEE TO ANOTHER CITY? OR GO TO CANADA?
PORTLAND GOT HIT, TOO. AND CANADA SEALED ITS BORDERS.
WE NORTHWESTERNERS AREN'T TOO WELCOME IN THE REST OF THE COUNTRY ANYWAY, DUE TO IRRATIONAL FEARS OF RADIATION POISONING.
IN FACT, WE'RE OFFICIALLY QUARANTINED UP HERE.
JEEZ...
THANKS A LOT, FELLOW AMERICANS!
BUT WHAT "NEWS" WE GET IS PRETTY UNRELI-ABLE...
THE FEDS HAVE TOTAL CONTROL OVER THE AIRWAVES NOW.
WHAT'S SEATTLE LIKE RIGHT NOW? DOES ANYONE KNOW?
RIGHT NOW? NO, THOUGH AMIL COULD TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS LIKE THREE MONTHS AGO...
HE WAS THE LAST ONE TO LEAVE THE CITY...
MY WIFE REFUSED TO LEAVE, WHICH IS WHY I STAYED BEHIND SO LONG...
SHE WAS AFRAID OF WHAT THE "REDNECKS" WOULD DO TO US, SINCE PEOPLE ALWAYS MIS-TAKE US FOR ARABS...
BUT, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE KOREANS WHO—
IT DIDN'T MATTER, SINCE WE STARTED GETTING DEATH THREATS ANYWAY...
ONCE MARTIAL LAW WAS DE-CLARED WE WERE RELIEVED, SINCE WE NAIVELY ASSUMED BIG BROTHER WOULD LOOK AFTER US.

STILL, WE FELT SO UNSAFE IN OUR OWN HOME THAT WE DECIDED TO MOVE INTO ONE OF THESE EMERGENCY SHELTERS THE GOVERNMENT SET UP...
ONLY THESE SHELTERS WERE BEING SEGREGATED BY GENDER—FOR "SAFETY REASONS," WE WERE TOLD—SO WE WERE SEPERATED...
THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF MY WIFE...
OH, MAN...
THAT SUCKS!
WHEN I GOT TO THE MEN'S SHELTER I SAW WE WERE AGAIN BEING SEGREGATED —THIS TIME BY RACE...
AGAIN, THIS WAS BEING DONE FOR "SECURITY CONCERNS," ONLY THEY WERE LUMPING SOUTH ASIANS LIKE ME WITH MIDDLE-EASTERNERS...
I SHUDDERED TO THINK WHERE THEY'D TAKE ALL US "MUSLIM" MEN...
SO I RAN HOME, GRABBED MY BIKE AND RODE HERE.
YOU RODE YOUR BIKE ALL THE WAY UP HERE? WOW!
HOW COME YOU'RE NOT ALL FUCKED UP FROM THE BOMB BLAST? I MEAN, YOU DON'T LOOK SICK...
WE LIVED A GOOD THIRTY MILES FROM THE EPICENTER, THANKFULLY...
THOUGH MANY PEOPLE I KNOW DID SHOW SIGNS OF RADIATION SICKNESS...
SOME OF IT MAY HAVE BEEN PSYCHOSOMATIC, BUT SOME OF IT WAS ALL TOO REAL...
HOW SO? WAS THEIR SKIN MELTING OFF? OR—
GORDO! JESUS!
YES, SADLY. OUR CHURCH WAS HOUSING SOME OF THE BURN VICTIMS...
BUT THE NEIGHBORS WERE SO AFRAID OF THEM THAT THEY BURNED THE CHURCH DOWN...
NO WAY!
LIKE, WHAT THE FUCK?!
THE WORST SIDE EFFECT OF THE BOMB IS WHAT IT'S DONE TO PEOPLE'S PSYCHES...
THEY'VE BEEN REDUCED TO WILD ANIMALS, DRIVEN MAD WITH FEAR.
SIGH...
I HOPE YOU GUYS HAVE A LOT OF WEAPONS ON HAND TO KEEP THOSE WILD ANIMALS AT BAY!
...WHAT? I'M JUST SAYIN,' IS ALL!

THAT NIGHT...
AAHH... THIS IS MORE LIKE IT...
I FORGOT HOW NICE IT IS TO SHOWER AND SHAVE...
NOT TO MENTION TAKING A DUMP IN A WORKING TOILET.
NO KIDDING...
HEY, DID YOU SEE THESE PICS OF SEATTLE AMIL TOOK WITH HIS CELL PHONE CAMERA?
OH, JEEZ...
THIS IS JUST THE SUBURBS, TOO...
HE SAID FIRES BROKE OUT EVERYWHERE...
I'M SURPRISED HE DIDN'T GET CANCER FROM ALL THAT RADIATION...
THOUGH MAYBE HE HAS, AND JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT YET.
THE ENTIRE INFRASTRUCTURE WAS DEAD, TOO: NO WATER, POWER, PHONE LINES...
I WONDER IF THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING UP AND RUNNING AGAIN...
WHO KNOWS, AND WHO CARES? I'M STAYING HERE!
I'D RATHER SHOVEL CHICKEN SHIT ALL DAY THAN LIVE IN A POLICE STATE...
IT ALREADY WAS A POLICE STATE!
AND DON'T YOU WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYONE?
LIKE YOUR FAMILY? OR YOUR GIRLFRIEND?
SHE'S MY EX-GIRLFRIEND!
SO NO, I DON'T.
WELL, I WONDER...
AND THAT REMINDS ME: HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW FEW WOMEN LIVE HERE IN "McNERDYVILLE"?
JUST A HANDFUL OF THE OLD GUYS' WIVES...
WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
OH, JUST THAT WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET LAID AGAIN IF WE STAY HERE...
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

END OF PT. THREE

A LOOSE CANNON
THE JOHN LAURENS STORY
BY
P. BAGGE
©2005
MEPKIN PLANTATION, SOUTH CAROLINA, 1765...
JOHNNY LAURENS! IT'S TIME FOR YOUR LESSONS!
LATIN. BAH!
WHAT'S "LATIN"?
1770...
WE MUST BRAVE YOUR MOTHER'S DEATH STOICALLY, CHILDREN, JUST AS WE DID WITH THE PASSING OF YOUR OLDER BROTHER...
I MUST BECOME FAMOUS. FAME IS THE ONLY WAY ONE CAN TRIUMPH OVER DEATH!
AND YOUR SISTER...
CHARLESTON, S.C., 1772...
EUROPE IS THE ONLY PLACE TO RECEIVE A FIRST-CLASS EDUCATION, MY SONS...
IF YOU AVOID SLOTH AND TEMPTATION YOU'RE SURE TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS LIKE YOUR FATHER...
"MERCHANTS." BAH!
LONDON, 1774...
THOMAS,* MEET MY FELLOW SOUTH CAROLINIAN, JOHN LAURENS...
HE'S ALSO STUDYING LAW AT THE INNS OF COURT...
ANOTHER AMERICAN, EH?
TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE SLAVE TRADE?
*THOMAS DAY: AUTHOR, AESTHETE + ABOLITIONIST.
..."ARM'D WITH THE SAD LAST GIFT—THE POW'R TO DIE; THY SHAFTS, STERN FORTUNE, NOW I CAN DEFY..." *
SUCH A MOVING POEM...
AND TO THINK MY FAMILY PROFITS FROM SLAVERY...
OH, THE GUILT!
*"THE DYING NEGRO," BY DAY + JOHN BICKNELL.
1.

1776...
ALL THIS TALK OF INDEPENDENCE IS DANGER-OUS...
AMERICA IS SURE TO DESCEND INTO ANARCHY AS A RESULT.
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE EVOLVE INTO A REPUBLIC...
I DISAGREE...
SADLY, THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY IS SURE TO DOOM ANY CHANCE OF A REPUBLIC SUCCEEDING IN THE LONG RUN...
WE MUST ABOLISH SLAVERY FIRST FOR OUR NATION TO SURVIVE AND THRIVE.
YOU'RE MAD.
OOPS!
I TRUST YOU'LL DO THE HONORABLE THING AND MARRY MY DAUGHTER, MR. LAURENS...
OF COURSE, THOUGH I MUST INSIST THAT MY COUNTRY'S HONOR COMES FIRST...
IF DUTY CALLS, I SHALL RESPOND!
INEVITABLY...
AT LAST! THE WAR HAS BEGUN!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
COLONIES DECLARE INDEPENDENCE!
SHOTS FIRED AT LEXINGTON, CONCORD, MA
"COLONIAL UPPITY-NESS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH" - LORD NORTH
FEAR NOT, MY LOVE! I'LL SEND FOR YOU AS SOON AS IT'S SAFE FOR YOU TO TRAVEL.*
WHY CAN'T I GO WITH YOU NOW?!
*HE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN, OR MET HIS DAUGHTER.
MEANWHILE, BACK IN SOUTH CAROLINA...
?!? MY SON IS ABANDONING HIS WIFE TO FIGHT IN THE WAR!!!
WHAT ABOUT HIS STUDIES? AND HIS BROTHERS?!
IT APPEARS HIS LIFE IS NOW OUT OF YOUR HANDS, HENRY.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE, SEPT. 1777...
<I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET KILLED, CAPTAIN LAURENS>...
PORQUOI, GÉNÉRAL?
<BASED ON THE WAY YOU FOUGHT, THAT SEEMED TO BE YOUR INTENTION>.
LAFAYETTE
LATER...
MY FATHER* THINKS I HAVE A "DEATH WISH"...
SO NOW WASHINGTON HAS ME WORKING AS AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.
WELCOME TO THE CLUB...
WE'RE BEING PUNISHED FOR KNOWING FRENCH!
A. HAMILTON
*HENRY LAURENS WAS PRESIDENT OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS BY THIS TIME.
THE BATTLE OF NEWPORT, 1778...
THE RHODE ISLANDERS ARE BOTH RECRUITING AND ARMING BLACK SOLDIERS...
THEY PERFORM WELL UNDER FIRE, TOO...
THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA...
BLAM!
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1779...
CONGRESS IS WILLING TO ALLOW YOU TO RAISE A REGIMENT OF SLAVES TO DEFEND CHARLESTON IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR FREEDOM...
BUT GOOD LUCK GETTING OUR FELLOW CAROLINIANS TO GO ALONG WITH YOUR PLAN, SON.
HOW COULD THEY NOT?
THEY LACK THE MANPOWER OTHERWISE!
CHARLESTON, MAY, 1779...
BUT GOVERNOR, THE CITY IS UNDER SIEGE!
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!
WE DO, TOO...
WE CHOOSE TO SURRENDER!
CASE CLOSED!
SMASH!
BAM!
CRAZY KID!
LATER, ABOARD A BRITISH PRISON SHIP...
I'M NOT OPPOSED TO ARMING THE SLAVES PER SE...
IT WOULD JUST HAVE TO BE UNDER THE MOST EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES...
"EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES"?
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?!?

SIX MONTHS LATER...
WE FREE MY SON IN A PRISONER EXCHANGE, AND HE REPAYS ME BY SPENDING HIS OWN INHERITANCE TO RAISE A REGIMENT OF SLAVES!
I SAY WE KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE BY MAKING HIM PART OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION.
GOOD THINKING.
VERSAILLES, 1781...
<REMIND YOUR KING THAT WITHOUT MORE FUNDS WE'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SIDE WITH ENGLAND AGAINST FRANCE!>
<THE KING FEELS THAT YOU ARE A LITTLE SHIT...>
<BUT HE ALSO FEARS YOU ARE RIGHT...>
<HERE'S YOUR MONEY.>
$
BACK IN PHILLY...
IN RECOGNITION OF THE BRILLIANT SHAKEDOWN JOB YOU DID ON THE FRENCH, WE PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CERTIFICATE OF MERIT—
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH,...
WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT?
?
AT THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN...
PUH-LEEZE LET US FIGHT, GENERAL!
THIS IS GONNA BE THE BIG ONE! WE CAN TELL!
WE WANNA KILL US SOME LIMEYS SO BAD...
OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!
AND SO...
I LOVE YOU, ALEXANDER!
I LOVE YOU TOO, JOHN!
ISN'T THIS GLORIOUS?!
JOHN LAURENS! NOW THAT YOU'VE CAPTURED THE BRITISH COMMANDER, SERVED AS LIASON WITH THE FRENCH FLEET, AND NEGOTIATED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?
PRESS
I'M GOING BACK TO CHARLESTON TO KICK SOME MORE BRITISH ASS!

BACK IN HIS HOMETOWN...
...OKAY, HOW ABOUT IF WE JUST ARM SLAVES FORMALLY OWNED BY LOYALISTS?
THE LONG-TERM CONSEQUENCES ARE TOO GREAT...
FORGET IT, JOHN.
TOO MANY FREED BLACKS WOULD LEAD TO SOCIAL DISCORD AND THE CREATION OF A MONGREL RACE.
LATER, BEFORE THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE...
...WHAT IF ALL THESE FREED SLAVES SIDE WITH THE BRITISH?
AND WHO WILL TEND OUR FIELDS IN THE MEANTIME?
BUT I'VE ALREADY DESIGNED THEIR UNIFORMS!
WHITE WITH RED FACING!
NEGROES LOOK GOOD IN WHITE!
You must stop this "mission" of yours at once, son. You're becoming a laughingstock...
But that's why I have to prove it'll work. It's the only way I can save face!
(POOR OLD HENRY WAS IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON BY THIS TIME!)
AUG. 27th, 1782, NEAR COMBAHEE FERRY, SC...
(WE'RE OUTNUMBERED THREE TO ONE, COLONEL...)
(THOUGH I'M TOLD REINFORCEMENTS ARE ON THE WAY...)
(I DON'T FEEL LIKE WAITING)...
(I SAY WE ATTACK NOW).
OKAY, HERE'S THE THING...
THE BRITS ARE ABOUT TO EVACUATE SOON ANYWAY, SO WHY BOTHER ATTACKING AT ALL?
THE WAR IS BASICALLY OVER, JOHN.
NOT FOR ME, IT ISN'T...
TELL THE MEN TO FIX BAYONETS...
AND SO...
SIGH... WHAT A WASTE...
HE WAS ONE OF THE SOUTH'S FINEST SONS.
BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT "FREE THE SLAVES" TALK?
YES, WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO IGNORE ALL THAT...
COL. LAURENS KILLED IN MEANINGLESS SKIRMISH
AND SO THEY DID! THE END!

YOUNG ALEX HAMILTON (in)

"DEAR OLD PRINCETON"

BY P. BAGGE ©2005

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Heya hey!!!
DCP Team!
Scanned by OROBOROS
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